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462.2
P38s
1902

Military Order of the Imperial
Legion of the United States

Pennsylvania Commandery

Song-Book



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LOS ANGELES

Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States

SONG-BOOK

OF THE

COMMANDERY OF THE STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA

PHILADELPHIA

1902

ALFRED GROUX, Printer, 706 N. 3d St., Philadelphia.

AMERICA.

Key of C.

E

462.2

P385

1902

My country, 't is of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing!
Land where our fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee—
Land of the noble, free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods, and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Our father's God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

ANNIE LAURIE.

Key of C flat.

Maxwelton's braes are bonnie,
Where early falls the dew,
And it's there that Annie Laurie
Gave me her promise true.
Gave me her promise true,
Which ne'er forgot will be;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee.

Her brow is like the snow-drift,
Her throat is like the swan,
And her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on,
That e'er the sun shone on,
And dark-blue is her e'e,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee.

Like dew, on the gowan lying,
Is the fall of her fairy feet;
And like winds in summer sighing,
Her voice is low and sweet.
Her voice is low and sweet,
She's all the world to me,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee.

AULD LANG SYNE.

Key of G.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min' ?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' auld lang syne?

Chorus.—For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne;
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

We twa ha'e run about the braes
And pu't the gowans fine;
But we've wandered mony a weary foot
Sin' auld lang syne.

Chorus.—For auld lang syne, my dear, *etc.*

We twa ha'e paidl't i' the burn
Frae mornin' sun till dine;
But seas between us braid ha'e roared
Sin' auld lang syne.

Chorus.—For auld lang syne, my dear, *etc.*

And here's a hand, my trusty frien',
And gi'e's a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak' a right guid willie-waught,
For auld lang syne.

Chorus.—For auld lang syne, my dear, *etc.*

And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,
And surely I'll be mine!
And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

Chorus.—For auld lang syne, my dear, *etc.*

A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA.

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast,
And bends the gallant mast, my boys!
While like an eagle free,
Away the good ship flies and leaves
Columbia on our lea.

Oh! give me a wet sheet, a flowing sea,
And a wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast!

Oh, for a soft and gentle wind,
I heard a fair one cry,
But give to me the roaring breeze,
And white waves heaving high;
And white waves heaving high, my boys!
The good ship tight and free;
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

—Chorus:

There's tempest in yon horned moon,
And lightning in yon cloud,
And hark the music, mariner's,
The wind is piping loud;
The wind is piping loud, my boys!
The lightning flashes free,
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

—Chorus

BABY MINE.

When your heart is itching
From love's sweet bewitching,
Strange things you will say and do—
It always acts that way;
That's when every minute
Has some honey in it,
Day and night you are foolish quite,
In every thing you say—
I love some one dearly,
Truly and sincerely,
When we meet life's twice as sweet,
She's such a queen you know;
In my arms I hold her,
To my heart I fold her,
Then I say in tender way
These words so soft and low:
Baby mine, Baby mine,
Kiss me, honey, kiss me,
When I'm gone you'll miss me,
Baby mine, Baby mine,
Always call me "Baby mine."

When at night, I meet her,
That's the way I greet her,
She knows well the truth I tell—
That she's my heart's delight;
And her love she's showing
When, just as I'm going
She tells me the same, you see,
Before we say good-night.
Pet names they are plenty,
I know ten times twenty,
But there's none can beat this one,
It means so much, you see.
We're both over seven,
But it seems like heaven,
When with cheeks aglow she speaks
These loving words to me; Baby mine, etc.

BABYLON IS FALLEN.

Key of G.

Do n't you see de black clouds rising ober yonder,
Whar de massa's old plantation am?
Nebber you be frightened; dem is only darkies
Come to jine and fight for Uncle Sam.

Chorus.—Look out dar, now! we's a-gwine to shoot!
Look out dar! don't you understand?
Babylon is fallen! Babylon is fallen!
An' we's a-gwine to occupy de land.

Do n't you see de lightnin' flashin' in de cane-brake,
Looks as do' we're gwine to hab a storm?
No, you is mistaken,—'t is de darkies' bay'nets,
An' de buttons on der uniform.

Chorus.—Look out dar, now! we's a-gwine to shoot! *etc.*

Ober in de cornfield, don't you hear de thunder,
De music of de forty-pounder gun;
When de shells is missin', den we load wid punkins,—
All de same to make de cowards run.

Chorus.—Look out dar, now! we's gwine to shoot! *etc.*

Massa was a Kernel in de rebel army,
Eber since he went and run away.
But his lubly darkies, dey has been a-watching,
An' dey took him pris'ner tudder day.

Chorus.—Look out dar, now! we's a-gwine to shoot! *etc.*

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

Key of C.

Mine eyes have seen the coming of the glory of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword;

His truth is marching on,

Chorus.—Glory, glory hallelujah!

Glory, glory hallelujah!

Glory, glory hallelujah!

His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by their dim and flaring lamps;

His day is marching on,

Chorus.—Glory, glory hallelujah!

Glory, glory hallelujah!

Glory, glory hallelujah!

His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel;
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;"
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,

Since God is marching on,

Chorus.—Glory, glory hallelujah!

Glory, glory hallelujah!

Glory, glory hallelujah!

Since God is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat.
O, be swift my soul to answer Him! be jubilant my feet!

For God is marching on,

Chorus.—Glory, glory hallelujah!

Glory, glory hallelujah!

Glory, glory hallelujah!

For God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,

While God is marching on,

Chorus.—Glory, glory hallelujah!

Glory, glory hallelujah!

Glory, glory hallelujah!

While God is marching on.

BRING BACK MY BONNIE TO ME.

Key of C.

My Bonnie lies over the ocean,
My Bonnie lies over the sea,
My Bonnie lies over the ocean,
O. bring back my Bonnie to me.

Chorus.—Bring back, bring back,
Bring back my Bonnie to me, to me;
Bring back, bring back,
Bring back my Bonnie to me.

Last night as I lay on my pillow,
Last night as I lay on my bed,
Last night as I lay on my pillow,
I dreamt that my Bonnie was dead.

Chorus.—Bring back, bring back, *etc.*

The winds have blown over the ocean,
The winds have blown over the sea,
The winds have blown over the ocean,
And brought back my Bonnie to me.

Chorus.—Bring back, bring back, *etc.*

BROTHERS, AIN'T YOU GETTING READY.?

Key of C.

Brothers, ain't you getting ready, ready,
Brothers, ain't you getting ready, ready,
Brothers, ain't you getting ready
For the day of jubilee?

Chorus.—Rise, shine, give him the glory, glory,
Rise, shine, give him the glory, glory,
Rise, shine, give him the glory
For the day of jubilee.

Sisters, ain't you getting ready, ready,
Sisters, ain't you getting ready, ready,
Sisters, ain't you getting ready
For the day of jubilee?

Chorus.— Rise, shine, give him the glory, glory, *etc.*

Children, ain't you getting ready, ready,
Children, ain't you getting ready, ready,
Children, ain't you getting ready
For the day of jubilee?

Chorus.—Rise, shine, give him the glory, glory, *etc.*

BUGLE CALLS.

Key of C.

REVEILLE

I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up,

I can't get 'em up in the morning;

I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up,

I can't get 'em up at all!

The corporal's worse than the private,

The sergeant's worse than the corporal,

The lieutenant's worse than the sergeant.

And the captain's the worst of all.

I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up,

I can't get 'em up in the morning;

I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up,

I can't get 'em up at all!

STABLE CALL.

Come all that are able, and go to the stable,

To water your horses and give them some hay;

For if you do n't do it, the sergeant will know it.

For if you do n't do it, the sergeant will know it.

For if you do n't do it, the sergeant will know it,

And put you on picket the very next day!

TAPS.

Fare thee well! (*All is well.*) (Echo.)

Fare thee well! (*All is well.*) (Echo.)

Faithful guards round the camp— all is well!

To our comrades, Good night!

And farewell!

BRAVE BOYS ARE THEY!

Heavily falls the rain,
Wild are the breezes to-night;
But 'neath the roof, the hours as they fly,
Are happy and calm, and bright.
Gathering round our fire side,
Tho' it be summer time,
We sit and talk of brothers abroad,
Forgetting the midnight chime.

Brave boys are they!
Gone at their country's call;
And yet, and yet, we cannot forget,
That many brave boys must fall.

Under the homestead roof,
Nestled so cosy and warm,
While soldiers sleep, with little or naught,
To shelter them from the storm.
Kesting on grassy couches,
Pillow'd on hillocks damp;
Of martial fare, how little we know,
Till brothers are in the camp. —Brave boys, etc.

May the bright wings of love,
Guard them wherever they roam;
The time has come when brothers must fight,
And sisters must pray at home.
Oh! dread field of battle!
Soon to be strewn with graves!
If brothers fall, then bury them where
Our banner in triumph waves. —Brave boys, etc.

CLEMENTINE.

Key of G major.

In a cavern, in a canon,
Excavating for a mine,
Dwelt a miner, forty-niner,
And his daughter Clementine.

Chorus.—Oh my darling, oh my darling, oh my darling Clementine,
You are lost and gone forever, drefful sorry, Clementine.

Light she was, and like a fairy,
And her shoes were number nine,
Herring boxes without topses
Sandals were for Clementine. —*Chorus.*

Drove she ducklings to the water,
Every morning just at nine,
Hit her foot against a splinter,
Fell into the foaming brine. —*Chorus.*

Ruby lips above the water,
Blowing bubbles soft and fine,
Alas for me! I was no swimmer,
So I lost my Clementine. —*Chorus.*

Dragged her body from the river,
All besmeared with mud and slime,
Undertaker said he'd make her
Coffin out of yellow pine. —*Chorus.*

In a church yard near the canon,
Where the myrtle doth entwine,
There grew roses and other posies,
Fertilized by Clementine. —*Chorus.*

Then the miner, forty-niner,
Soon began to peak and pine,
Thought he "oughter jine" his daughter,
Now he's with his Clementine. —*Chorus.*

Underneath the weeping willow,
Where the sun doth never shine,
Mouldering in her grave secluded
Lies my darling Clementine. —*Chorus.*

In my dreams she still doth haunt me,
Robed in garments soaked in brine,
Though in life I used to hug her,
Now she's dead I'll draw the line. —*Chorus.*

COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN,

Key of D.

Columbia, the gem of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free,
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
A world offers homage to thee;
Thy mandates make heroes assemble,
When liberty's form stands in view,
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the Red, White and Blue.

Chorus.—When borne by the Red, White and Blue,
When borne by the Red, White and Blue;
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the Red, White and Blue.

When war waged its wide desolation,
And threatened our land to deform,
The ark, then, of freedom's foundation,—
Columbia,—rode safe through the storm
With the garlands of victory o'er her,
How proudly she bore her bold crew,—
With her flag proudly floating before her,—
The boast of the Red, White and Blue.

Chorus.—The boast of the Red, White, and Blue, *etc.*

The wine-cup, the wine-cup bring hither,
And fill you it up to the brim,
May the memory of Washington ne'er wither,
Nor a star of his glory grow dim;
May the service, united, ne'er sever,
But may each to his country prove true,
The Army and Navy forever,—

Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue.

Chorus.—Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue, *etc.*

COON! COON! COON!

Although it's not my color,
I'm feeling mighty blue;
I've got a lot of trouble,
I'll tell it all to you;
I'm cert'nly clean disgusted
With life, and that's a fact,
Because my hair is wooly
And because my color's black.
My gal she took a notion
Against the colored race,
She said if I would win her
I'd have to change my face;
She said if she would wed me,
That she'd regret it soon,
And now I'm shook, yes, good and hard,
Because I am a coon.

Coon! Coon! Coon! I wish my color would fade;
Coon! Coon! Coon! I'd like a different shade,
Coon! Coon! Coon! Morning, night and noon,
I wish I was a white man, 'Stead of a Coon! Coon! Coon!

I had my face enameled,
I had my hair made straight,
I dressed up like a white man,
And cert'nly did look great;
Then started out to see her,
Just shortly after dark,
But on the way to meet my babe
I had to cross a park;
Just as I was thinking
I had things fixed up right,
I passed a tree where two doves
Sat making love at night;
They stopped and looked me over,
I saw my finish soon,
When both those birds said good and loud,
"Coo-oo-oo-oo-oon." *Refrain:—*

DIXIE'S LAND.

Key of C.

I wish I was in de land ob cotton,
Old times dar am not forgotten;
Look away! look away! look away! Dixie Land!
In Dixie Land whar I was born in,
Early on one frosty mornin';
Look away! look away! look away! Dixie Land!

Chorus.—Den I wish I was in Dixie! hooray! hooray!
In Dixie Land I'll take my stand, to lib and die in Dixie!
Away, away, away down south in Dixie!
Away, away, away down south in Dixie!

Ole missus marry "Will-de weaber,"
William was a gay deceaber;
Look away! look away! look away! Dixie Land!
But, when he put his arm around 'er,
He smiled as fierce as a forty-pounder;
Look away! look away! look away! Dixie Land! —*Chorus.*

His face was sharp as a butcher's cleaver;
But dat did not seem to greab 'er;
Look away! look away! look away! Dixie Land!
Old missus acted de foolish part,
And died for a man that broke her heart;
Look away! look away! look away! Dixie Land! —*Chorus.*

Now here's a health to the next old missus,
And all de gals dat want to kiss us;
Look away! look away! look away! Dixie Land!
But, if you want to drive 'way sorrow,
Come and hear dis song to-morrow;
Look away! look away! look away! Dixie Land! —*Chorus.*

Dar's buckwheat cakes an' Ingen batter,
Makes you fat or a little fatter;
Look away! look away! look away! Dixie Land!
Den hoe it down an' scratch your grabble,
To Dixie Land I'm bound to trabble;
Look away! look away! look away! Dixie Land! —*Chorus.*

DUKE OF YORK

Key of B flat.

There was a Duke of York,
And he had a thousand men;
He marched them up the hill,
And he marched them down again;
And when they were up, they were up, up, up!
And when they were down, they were down;
And when they were half way up - - p!
They were neither up nor down.

FLAG OF THE FREE.

Key of A.

March from "Lohengrin."

Flag of the free, fairest to see!
Borne thro' the strife and the thunder of war;
Banner so bright with starry light,
Float ever proudly from mountain to shore.
Emblem of freedom, hope to the slave,
Spread thy fair folds but to shield and to save,
While thro' the sky loud rings the cry,
"Union and Liberty! one evermore!"

Flag of the brave, long may it wave,
Chosen of God while his might we adore,
In Liberty's van for manhood to man,
Smybol of Right thro' the years passing o'er.
Pride of our country, honored afar,
Scatter each cloud that would darken a star,
While thro' the sky loud rings the cry,
"Union and Liberty! one evermore!"

GLORY HALLELUJAH!

Key of C.

John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave,
John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave,
But his soul is marching with the brave,
When men go marching on.

Chorus.—Glory! glory, hallelujah!
Glory! glory, hallelujah!
Glory! glory, hallelujah!
His soul is marching on.

He has gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord,
He is sworn as a private in the ranks of the Lord,
He shall stand at Armageddon with his brave old sword,
When men go marching on.

Chorus.—Glory! glory, hallelujah! *etc.*

He shall file to the front when the lines of battle form,
Shall face to the front when the squares of battle form,
Time with the column, and charge in the storm,
When men go marching on.

Chorus.—Glory! glory, hallelujah!
Glory! glory, hallelujah!
Glory! glory, hallelujah!
His soul is marching on.

GO DOWN, MOSES.

Key of B flat minor.

When Israel was in Egypt's land
Let my people go;
Oppressed so hard they could not stand,
Let my people go.

Chorus.—Go down, Moses, way down in Egypt land,
Tell ole Pharoah, Let my people go.

Thus saith the Lord, bold Moses said,
Let my people go;
If not, I'll smite your first-born dead,
Let my people go.

Chorus.—Go down, Moses, way down in Egypt land, *etc.*

No more shall they in bondage toil,
Let my people go;
Let them come out with Egypt's spoil,
Let my people go.

Chorus.—Go down, Moses, way down in Egypt land, *etc.*

The Lord told Moses what to do,
Let my people go;
To lead the children of Israel through,
Let my people go.

Chorus.—Go down, Moses, way down in Egypt land, *etc.*

When they had reached the other shore,
Let my people go;
They sang the song of triumph o'er,
Let my people go.

Chorus.—Go down, Moses, way down in Egypt land, *etc.*

GOD EVER GLORIOUS.

Key of F.

Air—Russian Hymn.

God ever glorious!
Sovereign of nations,
Waving the banner of Peace o'er our land;
Thine is the victory!
Thine the salvation!
Strong to deliver,
Own we Thy hand.

Still may Thy blessing rest,
Father most Holy,
Over each mountain, rock, river, and shore;
Sing Hallelujah!
Shout in Hosannas!
God keep our country
Free evermore!

GOOD BY, MY LOVER, GOOD BY.

Key of G major.

I saw the steamer come round the bend;

Good-by, my lover, good-by.

She's loaded down with boys and men;

Good-by, my lover, good-by.

Chorus.—By, baby, by,

By, baby, by,

By, baby, by,

Good-by, my lover, good-by.

The river is up, the channel is deep;

Good-by, my lover, good-by.

Let the splash of your oars to the music keep;

Good-by, my lover, good-by.

Chorus.—By, baby, by, *etc.*

I'll sing the song, I'll sing no more;

Good-by, my lover, good-by.

I'm off to-day for a foreign shore;

Good-by, my lover, good-by.

Chorus.—By, baby, by, *etc.*

Yes, I'll steer my bark to the ever green shore;

Good-by, my lover, good-by.

We'll take one drink, we'll take no more;

Good-by, my lover, good-by.

Chorus.— By, baby, by, *etc.*

HAIL COLUMBIA.

Key of G major.

Hail! Columbia, happy land!
Hail! ye heroes, heav'n-born band,
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
And when the storm of war was gone,
Enjoyed the peace your valor won;
Let independence be your boast,
Ever mindful what it cost,
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altar reach the skies.

Chorus.—Firm, united let us be,
Rallying round our liberty;
As a band of brothers joined,
Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots, rise once more!
Defend your rights, defend your shore;
Let no rude foe with impious hand,
Let no rude foe with impious hand,
Invade the shrine where sacred lies
Of toil and blood the well-earned prize;
While offering peace, sincere and just,
In heav'n we place a manly trust,
That truth and justice may prevail,
And every scheme of bondage fail!

Chorus.—Firm, united let us be, *etc.*

IN THE LOUISIANA LOWLANDS.

Key of C.

Way down in Louisiana, not many years ago,
There lived a colored gentleman, his name was Pompey Snow;
He played upon de banjo, and on de tamborine,
And for rattling de bones he was the greatest ever seen
 In the Louisiana lowlands, lowlands, lowlands,
 In the Louisiana lowlands, low.

Chorus.—In the Louisiana lowlands, *etc.*

One night ole Pompey started off to play for Cæsar Clum,
But, afore he went, he fortified with a good stout glass of rum;
When on the road he thought he saw a darkey tall and grim,
So Pompey laid de banjo down to break de darkies shin,
 In the Louisiana lowlands, *etc.*

Says he, "Old chap, just move along, or else I'll spoil your face;"
But dis darkey did n't seem to move from out his hiding place;
So, drawing back, he crooked his head, and down at him, cachunk;
But Pompey made a sad mistake, for 't was nothing but a stump.
 In the Louisiana lowlands, *etc.*

The stump it proved a little hard, too hard for Pompey's wool.
For, when he struck, the hickory knot went thro' the darkey's skull.
Tuev found his banjo by his side, and Pompey lying dead.

SPOKEN—(*And, my friends, this is the first time on record
that it was ever known of a darkey coming to his death.*)

SUNG—By de breaking of his head.

SPOKEN—(*And then they buried him.*)

SUNG: *Chorus*.—In the Louisiana lowlands, *etc.*

IN THE MORNING, BY THE BRIGHT LIGHT.

Key of G.

I'm gwine away by the light of the moon,

Want all the children for to follow me;

I hope I'll meet you darkeys soon,

Halle, halle, halle, hallelujah!

So tell the brothers that you meet,

Want all the children for to follow me;

That I will travel on my feet,

Halle, halle, halle, hallelujah!

Chorus.—In the morning, morning, by the bright light,
Hear Gabriel's trumpet in the morning.

Go get a match and light that lamp,

Want all the children for to follow me;

And show me the way to the soldiers' camp,

Halle, halle, halle, hallelujah!

We'll have beefsteak and sparerib stew,

Want all the children for to follow me;

And nice boiled onions, dipped in dew,

Halle, halle, halle, hallelujah!

Chorus.—In the morning, morning, by the bright light, *etc.*

I'll take my old banjo along,

Want all the children for to follow me;

In case the boys should sing a song;

Halle, halle, halle, hallelujah!

For no one has to pay no fare,

Want all the children for to follow me;

So do n't forget to curl your hair,

Halle, halle, halle, hallelujah!

Chorus.—In the morning, morning, by the bright light, *etc.*

I'SE GWINE BACK TO DIXIE.

Key of G.

I 's gwine back to Dixie,
No more I 's gwine to wander;
My heart 's turned back to Dixie,
I can 't stay here no longer.
I miss de old plantation,
My home and my relation,
My heart 's turned back to Dixie,
And I must go.

Chorus.—I 's gwine back to Dixie,
I 's gwine back to Dixie,
I 's gwine where the orange-blossoms grow;
For I hear the children calling,
I see their sad tears falling,—
My heart 's turned back to Dixie,
And I must go.

I 've hoed in fields of cotton,
I 've worked upon the river,
I used to think if I got off,
I 'd go back there—no; never.
But time has changed the old man,
His head is bending low,
His heart 's turned back to Dixie,
And he must go.

Chorus.—I 's gwine back to Dixie, *etc.*

I 'm traveling back to Dixie;
My step is slow and feeble,
I pray the Lord to help me,
And lead me from all evil.
And, should 'my strength forsake me,
Then, kind friends, come and take me;
My heart 's turned back to Dixie,
And I must go.

Chorus.—I 's gwine back to Dixie, *etc.*

JOHN MORGAN.

Key of F major.

John Morgan's at your stable door;
Where's your mule? oh, where's your mule?

John Morgan's at your stable door;
Where's your mule? oh, where's your mule?

You'll never see that mule no more—
He'll ride him till his back is sore.
And leave him at some stranger's door,—
There's your mule! oh, there's your mule!

They stole that mule of mine away,
And marked his back with C. S. A.
He'll come again some other day,
There's your mule! oh, there's your mule!

The mule is back we hear his bray,
John Morgan's gone, and gone to stay
The country's safe, hooray! hooray!
Here's your mule! oh, here's your mule!

For him we've nought but words of praise,
This relic of our war-time days,
To him a monument we'll raise
There's your mule! oh, there's your mule.

JUANITA.

Key of D.

Soft o'er the fountain
Ling'ring falls the southern moon;
Far o'er the mountain
Breaks the day too soon;
 In thy dark eyes' splendor,
Where the warm light loves to dwell,
 Weary looks, yet tender,
Speak their fond farewell.

Chorus.—Nita! Juanita! Ask thy soul if we must part;
 Nita! Juanita! Lean thou on my heart!

When, in thy dreaming,
Moons like these shall shine again,
And, daylight beaming,
Prove thy dreams are vain;
 Wilt thou not, relenting,
For thine absent lover sigh?
 In thy heart consenting
To a pray'r gone by?

Chorus.—Nita! Juanita! Let me linger by thy side!
 Nita! Juanita! Be my own fair bride!

KEEP IN DE MIDDLE OB DE ROAD.

Key of C Major.

I hear dem angels calling loud,
Keep in de middle ob de road;
Dey're a-waiting in dar in a great big crowd,
Keep in de middle ob de road.
I see dem stand 'round de big white gate,
We must trabble along 'fore we get too late,
For 't ain't no use to sit down and wait;
Keep in de middle ob de road.

Chorus.—Den, children, keep in de middle ob de road,
Den, children, keep in de middle ob de road,
Don't you?
Look to the right; don't look to the left,
But keep in de middle ob de road.

Dis world am full of sinful things,
Keep in de middle ob de road,
When the feet gets tired put on de wings,
Keep in de middle ob de road,
If you lay down on the road to die,
And you watch dem angels in de sky,
You kin put on your wings, and git up and fly;
Keep in de middle ob de road.

Chorus.—Den, children, keep in de middle ob de road, etc.

KINGDOM COMING.

Key of E flat.

Say white-folks, hab you seen de massa,
Wid de muffstash on his face,
Go long de road some time dis mornin',
Like he gwine to leave de place?
He seen de smoke, way up de ribber,
Whar de Linkum gunboats lay;
He took his hat, an' he lef berry sudden,
An I spec he's run away!

Chorus.—De massa run, ha, ha!

De darkies stay, ho, ho;
It mus' be now de Kingdom coming
An' de year of Jubilo!

He six foot one way, four foot tudder,
An he weigh three hundred pound,
His coat's so big he could't pav de tailor,
An' it would't go half way round;
He drill so much day call him Captain,
An' he got so dreadful tanned,
I spec' he try for to fool de Yankees
An' to pass for a contraband.

Chorus.—De massa run, ha, ha! *etc.*

De darkies feel so lonesome libbin'
In de log house on de lawn.
So dey move dar tings to massa's parlor
For to keep it while he's gone;
Dar's wine an' cider in de cellar,
An' de darkies dey'll hab some;
I spec' dey'll all be confiscated
When de Linkum soldiers come.

Chorus.—De massa run, ha, ha! *etc.*

De oberseer he make us trouble,
An' he dribe us round a spell;
But we lock him up in the smoke-house cellar,
Wid de key trown in de well,
De whip is lost, de han'-cuff broken,
An' old marster'll hab his pay,
He's old enough, big enough, he'd ought to know better
Dan to go an' run away!

Chorus.—De massa run, ha! ha! *etc.*

LISTEN TO MY TALE OF WOE.

Key of B flat.

A little peach in an orchard grew,

Listen to my tale of woe,

A little peach of emerald hue,

Warmed by the sun and wet by the dew,

It grew, it grew!

Listen to my tale of woe.

One day in passing the orchard through,

Listen to my tale of woe,

That little peach dawned on the view

Of Johnny Jones and his sister Sue,

Them two, them two,

Listen to my tale of woe.

Chorus.—Hard trials for them two, Johnny Jones and his sister Sue,

And the peach of emerald hue, that grew, that grew,

Listen to my tale of woe.

Now up at the peach a club they threw,

Listen to my tale of woe,

Down from the stem on which it grew,

Fell the little peach of emerald hue,

Poor John! Poor Sue!

Listen to my tale of woe.

Now she took a bite and John a chew,

Listen to my tale of woe,

And then the trouble began to brew,

A trouble that the doctor could n't subdue,

Too true, too true,

Listen to my tale of woe.

Under the turf where the daisies grew,

Listen to my tale of woe,

They planted John and his sister Sue,

And their little souls to the angels flew,

Boo-hoo! boo-hoo!

Listen to my tale of woe.

But what of the peach of emerald hue,

Listen to my tale of woe,

That was warmed by the sun and wet by the dew!

Ah! well, its mission on earth is through,

Adieu! adieu!

Listen to my tale of woe.

MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.

Key of A.

Bring the good old bugle, boys! we will sing another song;
Sing it with a spirit that will start the world along—
Sing it as we used to sing it, fifty thousand strong,
While we were marching through Georgia.

Chorus.—"Hurrah! hurrah! we bring the jubilee!
Hurrah! hurrah! the flag that makes you free!"
So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea,
While we were marching through Georgia.

How the darkeys shouted when they heard the joyful sound!
How the turkeys gobbled which our commissary found!
How the sweet potatoes, even, started from the ground
While we were marching through Georgia.

Chorus.—"Hurrah! hurrah! we bring the Jubilee! *etc.*

Yes; and there were Union men who wept with joyful tears
When they saw the honored flag they had not seen for years;
Hardly could they be restrained from breaking forth in cheers
While we were marching through Georgia.

Chorus.—"Hurrah! hurrah! we bring the Jubilee! *etc.*

"Sherman's dashing Yankee boys will never reach the coast!"
So the saucy rebels said, and 't was a handsome boast,
Had they not forgot, alas! to reckon on a host,
While we were marching through Georgia.

Chorus.—"Hurrah! hurrah! we bring the Jubilee! *etc.*

So we made a thoroughfare for Freedom and her train—
Sixty miles in latitude, three hundred to the main;
Treason fled before us, for resistance was in vain,
While we were marching through Georgia.

Chorus.—"Hurrah! hurrah! we bring the Jubilee! *etc.*

MARY AND MARTHA.

Key of F major.

Mary and Martha's just gone 'long,
Mary and Martha's just gone 'long,
Mary and Martha's just gone 'long,
To ring those charming bells.

Chorus.—Crying, free grace and dying love,
Free grace and dying love,
Free grace and dying love,
To ring those charming bells.
Oh! way over Jordan, Lord,
Way over Jordan, Lord,
Way over Jordan, Lord,
To ring those charming bells.

The preacher and the elder's just gone 'long,
The preacher and the elder's just gone 'long,
The preacher and the elder's just gone 'long,
To ring those charming bells.

Chorus.—Crying, free grace and dying love, *etc.*

My father and mother's just gone 'long,
My father and mother's just gone 'long,
My father and mother's just gone 'long,
To ring those charming bells.

Chorus.—Crying, free grace and dying love, *etc.*

The Methodist and Baptist's just gone 'long,
The Methodist and Baptist's just gone 'long,
The Methodist and Baptist's just gone 'long,
To ring those charming bells.

Chorus.—Crying, free grace and dying love, *etc.*

MASSA'S IN DE COLD GROUND.

Key of D.

Round de meadows am a-ringing
De darkies' mournful song,
While de mocking-bird am singing—
Happy as de day am long,
Where de ivy am a-creeping
O'er de grassy mound,
Dar old massa am a-sleeping,
Sleeping in de cold, cold ground.

Chorus.—Down in de corn-field
Hear dat mournful sound;
All de darkies am a-weeping—
Massa 's in de cold, cold ground.

Massa make de darkies lub him,
Kase he was so kind;
Now dey sadly weep above him.
Mourning kase he leave dem behind.
I cannot work before to-morrow,
Kase de tear-drops flow;
I try to drive away my sorrow,
Pickin' on de old banjo.

Chorus.—

MEERSCHAUM PIPE.

Key of G.

Oh, who will smoke my meerschaum pipe
When I am far away?

Chorus.—Allie-Bazoo-Bazee-Bazan,
From Kal-a-ma-zoo, in Mich-i-gan,
Bad man!

Oh, who will use my green umbrella
When I am far away?

Chorus.—Allie-Bazoo-Bazee-Bazan, *etc.*

Oh, who will go to see my girl
When I am far away?

Chorus.—Some other man, some other man,
From Kal-a-ma-zoo, in Mich-i-gan, *etc.*

Oh, Who will kiss her ruby lips
When I am far away?

Chorus.—Some other man, some other man, *etc.*

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

Key of G.

The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home,
'Tis summer, the darkies are gay,
The corn-top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom,
While the birds make music all the day.
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
All merry, all happy and bright,
By'n by Hard Times come a-knocking at the door,
Then my old Kentucky Home good-night!

Chorus.—Weep, no more my lady.

Oh! weep no more to-day!

We will sing one song for the old Kentucky Home,
For the old Kentuey Home far away.

They hunt no more for the possum and the coon,
On the meadow, the hill, and the shore.
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,
On the bench by the old cabin door;
The day goes by like the shadow o'er the heart,
With sorrow where all was delight;
The time has come when the darkies have to part,
Then my old Kentucky Home good-night!

Chorus.—Weep no more my lady, *etc.*

The head must bow and the back will have to bend
Wherever the darkey may go;
A few more days and the trouble all will end
In the fields where the sugar canes grow;
A few more days for to tote the weary load,
No matter, 'twill never be light,
A few more days till we totter on the road,
Then my old Kentucky Home good-night!

Chorus.—Weep no more my lady, *etc.*

MR. VOLUNTEER.

March on, soldier boy in blue,
Flag in trouble calls for you;
Bayonet glist'ning, clothes all new,
Grand inspiring sight to view.

So when you march along the street,
Listen to the cheers,
But when you come back sick or dead
There are no cheers or tears.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching,
Marching on in line.
You don't belong to the regulars, you're just a volunteer,
You're only one of the rank and file,
But some one holds you dear!
Many a mother's heart will ache, and in the coming year
Uncle Sam will take off his hat to you,
Mister Volunteer.

Come home, soldier boy in blue,
War is over, you are through.
There is nothing left to do;
They have no more use for you;
A mother waits your coming home
With open arms of joy;
She cares not how you look in rags,
She only sees her boy.

Tramp, etc.

NELLIE WAS A LADY.

Key of B flat.

Down on the Mississippi floating,
Long time I trabbled on de way;
All night de cotton-wood a-toting,
Singing for my true lub all de day.

Chorus.—Nellie was a lady, last night she died;
Toll de bell for lubly Nell,
My dark Virginia bride!

Now I'se unhappy and I'se weeping,
Can't tote de cotton-wood no more;
Last night while Nellie was a-sleeping,
Death came a-knocking at the door.

Chorus.— Nellie was a lady, last night she died;
Toll de bell for lubly Nell,
My dark Virginia bride!

OLD BLACK JOE.

Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay,
Gone are my friends from the cotton fields away,
Gone from the earth to a better land, I know,
I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe!"

I'm coming, I'm coming, For my head is bending low;
I hear those gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe!"

Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain?
Why do I sigh that my friends come not again,
Grieving for forms now departed long ago?
I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe!"

Where are the hearts once so happy and so free?
The children so dear, that I held upon my knee?
Gone to the shore where my soul has longed to go.
I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe!"

HAIL! HAIL! COMPANIONS BRAVE.

Hail! Hail! Companions brave!
Defenders of the Nation,
Called from every station—
Here's to the land we saved,
When the Flag in triumph waved!

OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

Key of C.

Way down upon the Swanee river,

Far, far away,

There 's where my heart is turning ever,

There 's where the old folks stay,

All up and down the whole creation

Sadly I roam,

Still longing for the old plantation,

And for the old folks at home.

Chorus.—All the world am sad and dreary,

Everywhere I roam,

Oh, darkies, how my heart grows weary,

Far from the old folks at home.

All round the little farm I wander'd,

When I was young,

Then many happy days I squandered,

Many the songs I sung,

When I was playing with my brother,

Happy was I,

Oh, take me to my kind old mother,

There let me live and die.

Chorus.—All the world am sad and dreary, *etc.*

One little hut among the bushes,

One that I love,

Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes,

No matter where I rove,

When will I see the bees a-humming

All round the comb?

When will I hear the banjo tumming

Down in my good old home?

Chorus.—All the world am sad and dreary, *etc.*

OLD NOAH.

Key of G major.

Bress de Lord, I see old Noah!

Hal-la-lu, hal-la-lu-yah!

Bress de Lord, I see old Noah!

Hal-la-lu-YAH!

How d' ye know dat dat is Noah?

Hal-la-lu, hal-la-lu-yah!

How d' ye know dat dat is Noah?

Hal-la-lu-YAH!

Bekase I seed him in his ark,

Hal-la-lu, hal-la-lu-yah!

Bekase I seed him in his ark,

Hal-la-lu-YAH!

Bress de Lord, I see old 'Lijah!

Hal-la-lu, hal-la-lu-yah!

Bress de Lord, I see old 'Lijah!

Hal-la-lu-YAH!

How d' ye know dat dat is 'Lijah?

Hal-la-lu, hal-la-lu-yah!

How d' ye know dat dat is 'Lijah?

Hal-la-lu-YAH!

Kase I seed him in his chariot,

Hal-la-lu, hal-la-lu-yah!

Kase I seed him in his chariot,

Hal-la-lu-YAH!

Bress de Lord, I's gwine to glory!

Hal-la-lu, hal-la-lu-yah!

Bress de Lord, I's gwine to glory!

Hal-la-lu-YAH!

How d' ye know dat ye's gwine to glory?

Hal-la-lu, hal-la-lu-yah!

How d' ye know dat ye's gwine to glory?

Hal-la-lu-YAH!

Kase I feels it in my bones,

Hal-la-lu, hal-la-lu-yah!

Kase I feels it in my bones,

Hal-la-lu-YAH!

OLD SHADY.

Oh! ya, ya! darkies, laugh with me;
For de white folks say old Shady's free.
Do n't you see dat de jubilee
Is comin', comin'! Hail mighty day!

Chorus.—Den away, den away, for I can 't stay any longer;
Hurrah, hurrah! for I am going home.

Massa got scared, and so did his lady!
Dis chile broke for old Uncle Aby;
Open de gates out! here's old Shady
Comin', comin'! Hail, mighty day.

Chorus.—Den away, den away, for I can 't stay any longer; *etc.*

Good-by, Massa Jeff! good-by Missus Stevens,
'Scuse dis nigger for taking his leavins;
Spec, pretty soon, you'll see Uncle Abram's
Comin', comin'! Hail, mighty day.

Chorus.—Den away, den away, for I can 't stay any longer, *etc.*

Good-by hard work, and never any pay,—
I'm goin' up Norf where de white folks stay;
White wheat-bread and a dollar a day!
Comin', comin'! Hail, mighty day.

Chorus.—Den away, den away, for I can 't stay any longer; *etc.*

I've got a wife and she's got a baby,
Way up Norf in Lower Canady.—
Won't dey shout when dey see old Shady
Comin', comin'! Hail, mighty day.

Chorus.—Den away, den away, for I can 't stay any longer, *etc.*

ONE WIDE RIVER TO CROSS.

Key of G.

We 'll float together, we 'll float together,
There 's one wide river to cross.

Chorus.—One wide river, there 's one wide river to cross.

Three of a kind they beat two pair,
There 's one wide river to cross.

We 'll chase the Devil around the stump,
There 's one wide river to cross.

Fluke-ma-gilda! Fluke-ma-gilda!
There 's one wide river to cross.

PULL AWAY.

Pull away, pull away, pull away, brave boys,
Pull away, pull away, the vict'rys ours;
Pull away, pull away, to the distant mark,
To the prize, our bonny bark—
Pull away, pull away, 'mid the waters foaming,
Sparkling, dashing all around;
Pull away, pull away, 'mid the wild confusion
Onward to the wished for bound.

Pull away, pull away, like the lightning, darting,
Flashing, now we speed our way;
Pull away, pull away, 'mid the shouting, cheering
Bravely we have won the day.

POOR OLD SLAVE.

Key of C.

'Tis just one year ago to-day,
That I remembered well,
I sat down by poor Nellie's side,
And a story she did tell—
'Twas of a poor unhappy slave
Who lived for many a year;
But now he's dead and in his grave,
No master does he fear.

Chorus.—The poor old slave has gone to rest,
We know that he is free;
Disturb him not, but let him rest
Way down in Tennessee.

She took my arm, we walked along
Into an open field,
And there she paused to rest awhile
Then to his grave did steal;
She sat down by that little mound,
And softly whispered there,
"Come to me, father, 'tis thy child,"
Then gently dropped a tear.

Chorus.—The poor old slave has gone to rest, *etc.*
But since that time how things have changed!
Poor Nellie, that was my bride,
Is laid beneath the cold grave-sod,
With her father by her side,
I planted there, upon her grave,
A weeping willow tree,
I bathed its roots with many a tear
That it might shelter me.

Chorus.—The poor old slave has gone to rest, *etc.*

ROLLING HOME.

Up aloft amid the rigging,
Swiftly blows the fav'ring gale,
Strong as spring-time in its blossom
Filling out each bending sail;
And the waves we leave behind us,
Seem to murmur as they rise;
We have tarried here to bear you
To the land you dearly prize.

Rolling home, rolling home,
Rolling home across the sea;
Rolling home to fair Columbia,
Rolling home dear land to thee.

Full ten thousand miles behind us,
And a thousand miles before,
Ancient ocean heaves to bind us
To the well remembered shore;
New-born breezes swell to waft us
To our childhood's welcome skies,
To the glow of friendly faces
And the glance of loving eyes.

Rolling home, etc.

SONG OF THE LEGION.

Key of G.

Brave companions tried and true, noble Loyal Legion;
Veterans who wore the blue, noble Loyal Legion;

Men who drew the nation's sword,
Saved the flag from being lowered,
Rally round this jovial board,
Noble Loyal Legion.

Quick their country's call to heed, noble Loyal Legion;
Faithful in the hour of need, noble Loyal Legion;

Glorious deeds of patriot band,
Fighting for fair Freedom's land,
Bright on history's page shall stand,
Noble Loyal Legion.

Laureled banners on the wall, noble Loyal Legion;
Tender memories recall, noble Loyal Legion;

Joys with sadness intertwine,
Hearts through humid eyes outshine,
Tears perfume the merry wine,
Noble Loyal Legion.

While of this heroic host, noble Loyal Legion;
One is left to drink a toast, noble Loyal Legion;

He'll remember days of yore,
Loved companions gone before,
Mustered on the shining shore,
Noble Loyal Legion.

SO SAY WE ALL OF US.

Key of F.

So say we, all of us,
So say we, all of us,
So say we all.
So say we, all of us,
So say we, all of us,
So say we, all of us,
So say we all.

STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

Key of B flat.

O! say can you see by the dawn's early light
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming;
And the rockets red glare, and the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;
O say does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore dimly seen through the mist of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream;
Tis the star-spangled banner! O, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave,
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

O, thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved home and the war's desolation,
Blessed with victory and peace, may the Heaven-rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto—"In God is our trust!"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

SWEET ANNIE MOORE.

Annie Moore was the name of a sweet little Miss,
Who lived round the corner from me,
Not a girl or a boy who did not enjoy
Sweet Annie Moore's so-ci-e-ty—
Since she moved away much lamenting they say
By the beaux that she had by the score,
They don't miss sister Fanny but sigh for sweet Annie
But they'll never see Annie Moore any more—

Annie Moore sweet Annie Moore
We will never see sweet Annie any more—
She went away
One Summer's day
And we'll never see sweet Annie any more.

Owen Moore was the name of sweet Annie's Pa-pa,
And he owned a big grocery store,
Tho' Owen was willing to pay what he owed
Poor Owen kept on owing more—
Now bus'ness was bad and 'twas owing to this
From the neighborhood he moved his store,
I know he could borrow and banish his sorrow,
If he'd only bring us back sweet Annie Moore.
Annie Moore, etc.

SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT.

Key of F major.

Swing low, sweet chariot, coming for to carry me home,
I looked over Jordan, and what did I see?
Coming for to carry me home;
A band of angels' coming after me,
Coming for to carry me home.

Chorus.—Swing low, sweet chariot, coming for to carry me home.

The brightest day that ever I saw,
Coming for to carry me home;
When Jesus washed my sins away,
Coming for to carry me home.

Chorus.—Swing low, sweet chariot, coming for to carry me home.

I'm sometimes up, and sometimes down,
Coming for to carry me home;
But still my soul feels heavenward bound,
Coming for to carry me home.

Chorus.—Swing low, sweet chariot, coming for to carry me home.

TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND.

Key of A.

We're tenting to-night on the old camp-ground;
Give us a song to cheer
Our weary hearts, a song of home
And friends we love so dear.

Chorus.—Many are the hearts that are weary to-night,
Wishing for the war to cease;
Many are the hearts looking for the light,
To see the dawn of peace.
Tenting to-night, tenting to-night,
Tenting on the old camp-ground.

We've been tenting to-night on the old camp-ground,
Thinking of days gone by,
Of the loved ones at home that gave us the hand,
And the tear that said "Good-by!"

Chorus.—Many are the hearts that are weary to-night, *etc.*

We are tired of war on the old camp-ground;
Many are the dead and gone
Of the brave and true who've left their homes;
Others been wounded long.

Chorus.—Many are the hearts that are weary to-night, *etc.*

We've been fighting to-day on the old camp-ground,
Many are lying near;
Some are dead, and some are dying,—
Many are in tears.

Chorus.—Many are the hearts that are weary to-night,
Wishing for the war to cease;
Many are the hearts looking for the light,
To see the dawn of peace.
Dying to-night, dying to-night,
Dying on the old camp-ground.

THE BATTLE-CRY OF FREEDOM.

Key of A flat.

Yes, we'll rally round the flag, boys, we'll rally once again,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom;
We will rally from the hillside, we'll gather from the plain,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

Chorus.—The Union forever! hurrah, boys hurrah!
Down with the traitor, up with the star,
While we rally round the flag, boys, rally once again,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

We are springing to the call for three hundred thousand more,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom;
And we'll fill the vacant ranks of our brothers gone before,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

Chorus.—

We will welcome to our members the loyal, true and brave,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom;
And, although they may be poor, not a man shall be a slave,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

Chorus.—

So we're springing to the call from the East and from the West,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom;
And we'll hurl the rebel crew from the land we love the best,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

Chorus.—

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

Key of A major.

A song for our banner, the watchword recall,

Which gave the Republic her station;

"United we stand, divided we fall!"

It made and preserves us a nation.

Chorus.—The union of lakes, the union of lands,

The union of States none can sever;

The union of hearts, the union of hands,

And the flag of our Union forever and ever—

The flag of our Union forever!

What God in His infinite wisdom designed,

And armed with republican thunder,

Not all the earth's despots and factions combined

Have the power to conquer or sunder.

Chorus.—The union of lakes, the union of lands, *etc.*

THE GRAND OLD LOYAL LEGION.

Companion O. C. BOSBYSELL.

Tune.—“Annie Rooney.”

With winning ways, and pleasant smile,
Companions come together, while
With merry jest the time beguile,
The grand old Loyal Legion.
Ev'ry meeting, rain or shine,
Finds us here by eight or nine,
To greet the boys who toed the line,
The grand old Loyal Legion.

Chorus.—Bing! Bang!! Bing!!! Bang!!!!
Sis. boom, a-h-h-h!
Bing! Bang!! Bing!!! Bang!!!!
Sis. boom, a-h-h-h!
So the cannon used to roar,
When we had the picnic in the days of yore.

The League is small, can't hold us well;
We're getting strong and very swell,
But not too tony yet to yell,
The grand old Loyal Legion.
The time will come when we'll grow less,
Let's meet that time with cheerfulness,
And praise the joyful Legion mess,
The grand old Loyal Legion.

Chorus.—Bing! Bang!! *etc.*

Let's hope that Benson and his men,
Will soon erect that handsome den,
Where Legionites and all their ken,
The grand old Loyal Legion.
Can find more room to circulate,
And thus be sure to cultivate,
More lasting and affectionate,
The grand old Loyal Legion.

Chorus.—Bing! Bang!! *etc.*

THE LOYAL LEGIONIER.

Key of F.

By Companion Brevet Major-General JAMES McQUADE.

Ho! soldiers, sailors, and marines! I sing a jolly blade,
Who nobly fit into the war, and never was dismayed;
Who never was dismayed, brave boys, nor walked off on his ear,—
A gallant Union saver was the Loyal Legionier.

Chorus.—The loyal, loyal, loyal, loyal, Loyal Legionier,
The loyal, loyal, loyal, loyal, Loyal Legionier,
He takes a drink when he is asked, of whiskey, wine or beer;
A gay and festive “sojer” is the Loyal Legionier.

THE OLD BRIGADE.

Where are the boys of the old Brigade,
Who fought with us side by side?
Shoulder to shoulder, and blade to blade,
Fought till they fell and died!
Who so ready and undismayed?
Who so merry and true?
Where are the boys of the old Brigade?
Where are the lads we knew?

Then steadily, shoulder to shoulder;
Steadily blade by blade!
Ready and strong, marching along
Like the boys of the old Brigade!

Over the sea far away they lie,
Far from the land of their love;
Nations alter, the years go by,
But Heav'n still is Heav'n above.
Not in the abbey proudly laid
Find they a place or part;
The gallant boys of the old Brigade,
They sleep in old England's heart.
Then steadily, etc.

THE REGULAR ARMY, O!

Three years ago, this very day, we went to Governor's Isle
For to stand forinist the cannon, in true military style;
Siventeen American dollars each month we surely get
For to carry a gun and a bagnet with a regimental step.
We had our choice of going to the army or to jail,
Or it 's up the Hudson river, with a copper, take a sail.
Oh, we puckered up our courage, with bravery we did go;
Oh, we cursed the day we went away with the Regular Army, O!

Chorus.—There was Sergeant John Mc-Caf-fe-ry,
And Captain Don-a-hue;
Oh, they make us march and toe the mark,
In gallant "Company Q;"
Oh, the drums may roll, upon me soul
This is the way we'd go—
Forty miles a day, on beans and hay,
In the Regular Army, O!

We went to Arizony, for to fight the Inguns there;
Came near being made bald-headed, but they never get our hair,
We lay among the ditches in the yellow, dirty mud,
And we never saw an onion, a turnip, or a spud.
Oh, we were taken prisoners, conveyed forinist the Chafe;
Oh, he said, "We'll make an Irish stew!" the dirty Indian thafe.
On the telegraphic wire we walked to Mexico;
We bless the day we skipped away from the Regular Army, O!

Chorus.—There was Sergeant John Mc-Caf-fe-ry, *etc.*

We've corns upon our heels, my boys, and bunions on our toes;
While lugging a gun in the red-hot sun puts freckles upon our nose.
England has its Gren-a-diers, France has its Zoo-zoos,
The U.S.A. never changes, they say, but continually wears the blues.
When we are out upon parade, we must have our muskets bright,
Or they'll slap us in the guard-house to pass away the night,
And, when we want a furlough, to the Coloniel we do go;
He says, Go to bed, and wait till you're dead in the Regular Army, O!

Chorus.—There was Sergeant John Mc-Caf-fe-ry, *etc.*

THERE'S MUSIC IN THE AIR.

Key of A flat.

There's music in the air

When the infant morn is nigh,
And faint its blush in seen,

On the bright and laughing sky.

Many a harp's ecstatic sound,
—With its thrill of joy profound,
While we list enchanted there
To the music in the air.

There's music in the air

When the noon-tide's sultry beam
Reflects a golden light

On the distant mountain stream.
When beneath some grateful shade,
Sorrow's aching head is laid,
Sweetly to the spirit there
Comes the music in the air.

There's music in the air

When the twilight's gentle sigh
Is lost on evening's breast,

As its pensive beauties die.
Then, O then the loved ones gone
Wake the pure celestial song,
Angel voices greet us there
In the music in the air.

TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP.

Key of B flat.

In my prison-cell I sit,
Thinking, mother dear, of you,
And of all the happy friends so far away;
And the tears they filled my eyes,
Spite of all that I could do,
Though I tried to cheer my comrades and be gay.

Chorus.—Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching;
Cheer up, comrades, they will come;
And beneath the starry flag, we shall breathe the air again
Of the freemen in our own beloved home!

In the battle front we stood
When the fiercest charge was made,
And they swept us off—a hundred men or more;
But, before they reached our lines,
They were driven back dismayed,
And we heard the cry of victory o'er and o'er.

Chorus.—Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching, *etc.*

So, within the prison cell,
We are waiting for the day
That shall come to open wide the iron door;
And the hollow eye grows bright,
And the poor heart almost gay,
As we think of seeing home and friends once more.

Chorus.—Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching, *etc.*

VICTORY AT LAST.

For many years we've waited to hail the day of peace,
When our land shall be united, and war and strife shall cease;
And now the day approaches, the drums are beating fast,
And all the boys are coming home—there's victory at last.

Chorus.—There's victory at last, boys; victory at last!
O'er land and sea our flag is free, we'll nail it to the mast;
Yes, we'll nail it to the mast, boys; nail it to the mast;
For there's victory, victory, victory, at last.

The heroes who have gained it, and lived to see that day,
We will meet with flying banners and honors on the way;
And all their sad privations shall to the wind be cast,
For the boys are coming home—there's victory at last.

Oh, happy wives and children, light up your hearts and homes,
For, see, with martial music, "the conquering hero comes,"
With flags and streamers flying, while drums are beating fast;
For all the boys are coming home—victory at last.

VIVA L' AMERICA.

Key of B flat.

Noble Republic! happiest of lands,
Foremost of nations Columbia stands,
Freedom's proud banner floats in the skies,
Where shouts of liberty daily arise.

Chorus.—"United we stand, divided we fall,"
Union forever—freedom to all;
Throughout the world our motto shall be
Viva l' America, Home of the free.

Should ever traitor rise in the land,
Cursed be his homestead—withered his hand,
Shame be his memory—scorn be his lot—
Exile his heritage, his name a blot!

Chorus.—"United we stand, divided we fall," *etc.*

To all her heroes—Justice and Fame,
To all her foes a traitor's foul name;
Our stripes and stars still proudly shall wave,
Emblem of Liberty, flag of the brave.

Chorus.—"United we stand, divided we fall," *etc.*

WAKE, NICODEMUS.

Key of A major.

Nicodemus, the slave, was of African birth,

He was bought with a bag full of gold;

He was reckoned as part of the salt of the earth,

And he died, years ago, very old.

'T was his last sad request, as we laid him away

In the trunk of an old hollow tree,

"Wake me up," was his charge, "at the first break of day;

Wake me up for the grand jubilee!"

Chorus.—The good time coming, 't is almost here,

It was long, long, long on the way;

Now, run and tell Elijah to hurry up Pomp,

And meet us at the gum tree down in the swamp,

To wake Nicodemus to-day.

He was known as a prophet, at least was as wise,

For he told of the battles to come;

And we trembled with dread when he rolled up his eyes,

And we heeded the shake of his thumb.

Though he clothed us with fear, yet the garments he wore

Were in patches at elbow and knee;

And he still wears the suit that he used to, of yore,

As he sleeps in the old hollow tree.

Nicodemus was never the sport of the lash,

'Nough the bullet has oft crossed his path;

There were none of his masters so brave or so rash

As to face such a man in his wrath.

Yet his great heart with kindness was filled to the brim—

He obeyed, who was born to command;

But he longed for the morning which then was so dim—

For the morning which now is at hand.

'T was a long, weary night; we were almost in fear

That the future was more than he knew;

'T was a long, weary night, but the morning is near,

And the words of our prophet are true.

There are signs in the sky that the darkness is gone,

There are tokens in endless array;

While the storm which had seemingly banished the dawn,

Only hastens the advent of day.

WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME.

Key of A minor.

When Johnny comes marching home again;
Hurrah! Hurrah!
We'll give him a hearty welcome then;
Hurrah! Hurrah!
The men will cheer, the boys will shout,
The ladies they will all turn out,
And we'll all feel gay when
Johnny comes marching home;
And we'll all feel gay when
Johnny comes marching home.
The old church-bell will peal with joy;
Hurrah! Hurrah!
To welcome home our darling boy;
Hurrah! Hurrah!
The village lads and lasses say
With roses they will strew the way,
And we'll all feel gay when
Johnny comes marching home;
And we'll all feel gay when
Johnny comes marching home.
Get ready for the jubilee,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
We'll give the hero three times three;
Hurrah! Hurrah!
The laurel wreath is ready now,
To place upon his loyal brow,
And we'll all feel gay when
Johnny comes marching home;
And we'll all feel gay when
Johnny comes marching home.
Let love and friendship on that day,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
Their choicest treasures then display;
Hurrah! Hurrah!
And let each one perform some part
To fill with joy the warrior's heart,
And we'll all feel gay when
Johnny comes marching home;
And we'll all feel gay when
Johnny comes marching home.

YANKEE DOODLE.

Key of A.

"Yankee Doodle!" long ago,
They played it to deride us,
But now we march to victory,
And that's the tune to guide us.

Chorus.—Yankee Doodle! ha! ha! ha!
Yankee Doodle Dandy;
How we made the red coats run,
At Yankee Doodle Dandy!

To fight is not a pleasant game,
But if we must we'll do it;
When Yankee Doodle once begins
Our Yankee boys go through it.

Chorus.—Yankee Doodle! ha! ha! ha! *etc.*

And let her come upon the sea,
The insolent invader,
And there the Yankee boys will be
Prepared to serenade her.

Chorus.—Yankee Doodle! ha! ha! ha! *etc.*

"Yankee Doodle!" how it brings
The good old days before us!
'T was two or three began the song,
And millions joined the chorus.

Chorus.—Yankee Doodle! ha! ha! ha! *etc.*

"Yankee Doodle!" not alone
The Continent will hear it,
But all the world shall catch the tone,
And every tyrant fear it.

Chorus.—Yankee Doodle! ha! ha! ha! *etc.*

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THE DAYS OF LONG AGO.

Music by EDWARD VAILE MCINTYRE.

Words by Captain W. R. HODGES.

We love to sing about the days
When we were young and daring,
We gaily went a soldiering,
And naught for danger caring.
Oh those were the days one did enjoy,
With never a thought he was only a boy!
Oh those were the days one did enjoy,
With never a thought he was only a boy!
Then Ho for the days of the long ago,
When we tramp'd thro' the mud and rain;
We ate hard-tack and bacon, too,
And never an ache or pain.
With the sky above we slept the sleep
Of a babe in its mother's arms,
Without a thought of the morrow's fight,
Or fear of war's alarms.

For boys will be boys, for boys will be boys,
The years may come, the years may go,
But boys will still be boys.
Boys will be boys, for boys will be boys,
The years may come, the years may go,
But boys will still be boys.

'Twas march and fight and fight and march,
Of that we had a plenty,
But one does not mind such things, you know,
When he is only twenty.
Then how you loved your boyhood friend,
Your pay was only made to spend,
Then how you loved your boyhood friend,
Your pay was only made to spend.
Then Ho, &c., &c.

Tho' many years have pass'd away,
Our hearts are young and glowing,
We have our pleasures day by day,
The past is worth the knowing.
No one can take from us our joys,
With frosted heads we still are boys.
No one can take from us our joys,
With frosted heads we still are boys.
Then Ho, &c., &c.

MY OWN UNITED STATES.

The poet sings of sunny France,
Fair olive laden Spain,
The Grecian Isles, Italia's smiles,
And India's torrid plain,
Of Egypt, countless ages old,
Dark Afric's palms and dates,
Let me acclaim, the land I name,
My own United States.

I love every inch of her prairie land,
Each stone on her mountain's side.
I love every drop of the water clear,
That flows in her rivers wide;
I love every tree, every blade of grass,
Within Columbia's gates!
The Queen of the earth is the land of my birth,
My own United States.

The poet sings of Switzerland,
Braw Scotland's heathered moor,
The shimm'ring sheen of Ireland's green,
Old England's rock-bound shore,
Quaint Holland and the Fatherland,
Their charm in verse relates.
Let me acclaim the land I name,
My own United States.
I love &c., &c.

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